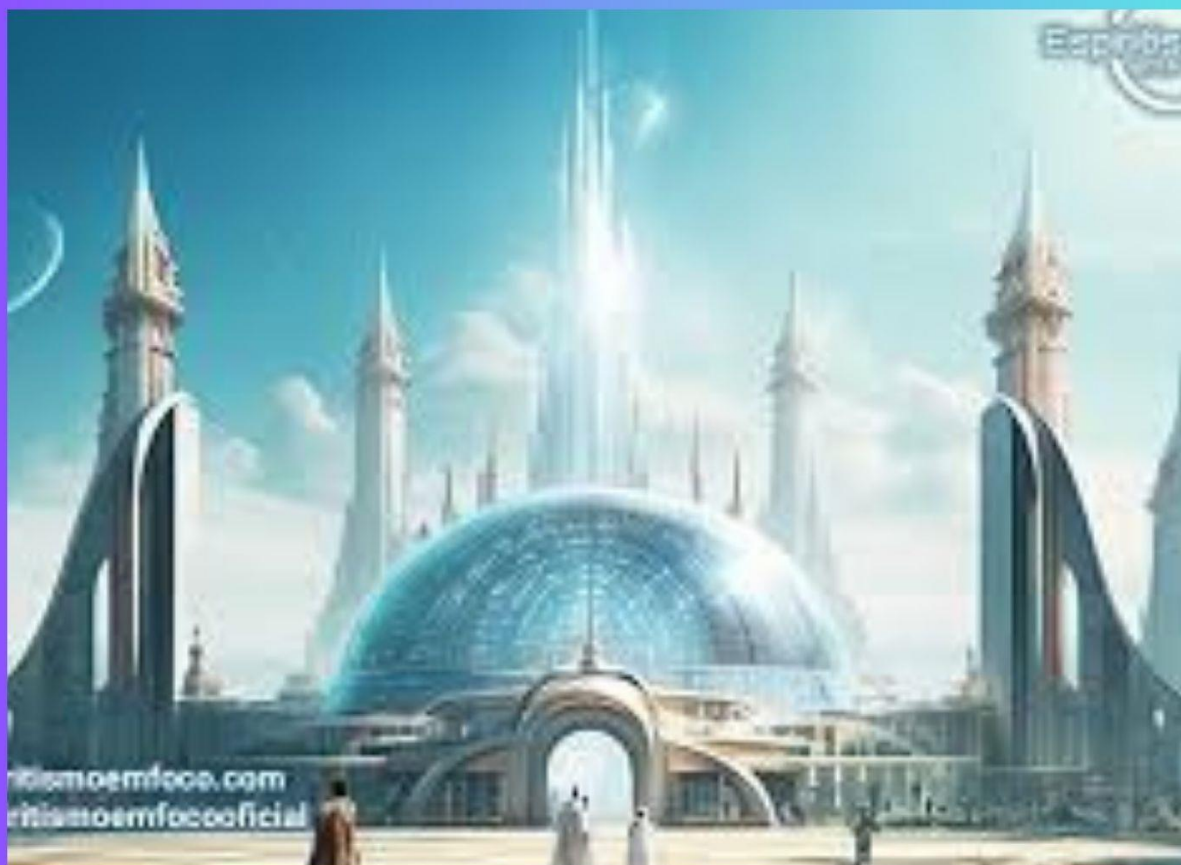


“Nosso Lar”
TEXT AND IMAGES
CHICO XAVIER
Heigorina Cunha
PART ONE



CITY IN THE BEYOND- “NOSSO LAR”

The author of this work, through out-of-body experiences during sleep, supported by the Spirit Lucius, visited the spiritual city “Nosso Lar” (Our Home) several times, well known to Spiritist readers through the books of the Spirit André Luiz, psychographed by the medium Francisco Cândido Xavier.

This book presents several color drawings created by the medium shortly after her return from these experiences, along with explanations based on excerpts from André Luiz. It also includes a Pilot Plan, a fold-out board measuring 36 x 51 cm, showing a floor plan of the city “Nosso Lar.”

It is a mediumistic work of complete reliability and seriousness, for in addition to the precious personal encouragement of Francisco C. Xavier received, through his undeniable mediumship, an enlightening preamble from the Spirit André Luiz.

After reading this work, the dear reader will surely gain a deeper understanding of this important city of the Spiritual Plane.



1- Governor's Office Building, "boarded with sovereign towers that disappear into the sky".

P.S. The other drawings come in Part Two of this book.

Notes about "Nosso Lar"

1 - Brother Lucius did his best to convey to his friends living on the Physical Plane some aspects of Nosso Lar, the work and re-education colony to which we are linked in the Spirituality, especially the pilot plan that concerns it.

To this end, he found the dedication of the medium Heigorina Cunha, in the city of Sacramento, Minas Gerais, Brazil.

2 - Has he been able to convey, in detail, the entire image of the vast residential context to which we refer?

Certainly not, but we are on the verge of a worthy achievement due to the basic forms and ideas that the friend mentioned above carefully aligned through spiritual exchange.

3 - It is fitting to recall here the maps that Christopher Columbus drew, influenced by Mentors and Spiritual Friends, before unveiling the shape of America. Such sketches did not fully reflect reality; however, they demonstrate, to this day, that the valiant navigator presented the essential layout of the New Continent.

4 - It should be clear that Our Home is a spiritual city colony inhabited by both men and women, including young people and adults, who have already freed themselves from their physical bodies.

Furthermore, there are hundreds of other spiritual city colonies around the Earth, each adhering to the laws that govern its rotational and translational movements.

5 ~ Throughout life, beginning from infancy, humanity is confronted with the principles of sequence, a concept that continues to apply even after death.

6 ~ By the dictates of reincarnation and disembodiment, thousands of human beings are born into physical experience and liberated from it, in the mental state in which they are pleased.

7 ~ Those who enter the material world through rebirth reflect the state in which they existed on the Spiritual Plane. When individuals return to the Spiritual Plane from the material world, they reveal themselves as they are, whether in terms of evolution or the accounting of the law of cause and effect.

8 ~ No one is obliged to think in this or that way by the universal principles that govern us. Each consciousness, incarnate or discarnate, is free in thought to choose the path it desires.

Even with the unfortunate outcomes of past choices, it operates in a way that can either improve or deteriorate its situation, depending on the actions it chooses to take.

9 ~ When human beings enter the spiritual realm after disincarnation, they carry a mix of elevated ideals, destructive passions, and experiences of joy and disappointment. They bring their convictions, doubts, and values, along with gaps in knowledge and a strong desire for personal growth.

10 ~ Reborn on Earth, the spiritual personality remains confined to the physical vehicle, surrounded by tests that assess the value it has achieved, based on the assimilation of the best it has already accomplished within itself.

By disincarnating, this same personality reveals what, how, and at what evolutionary stage it is situated, radiating from itself the spiritual environment in which it is pleased to live and coexist.

11 ~ In the earthly realm, a person reenters the family or social group where they must relearn lessons and insights from their past. This process enables individuals to settle any debts incurred while continuing their commitment to love and cooperation.

12 ~ Upon discarnation, that same person rejoins the company company of the spiritual group with which they are attuned, to remain mentally stable, as they wish, or to reap the happy results of the effort of self-sublimation they have developed on Earth.

Either through self-improvement achieved in themselves or through the ennobling tasks they have initiated among men,

they naturally enter the group of elevation to which they have promoted themselves.

13 - Every spirit is free, in thought, to improve itself, improving the field of experience in which it is, or to complicate itself, complicating the field of experiences to which it is linked.

14 - In the colony-cities or colony-parks that gravitate around the Physical Plane, as temporary homes for disembodied intelligences, it is natural that the struggle of good to extinguish evil or mental imbalance should continue with the characteristics we know about the Earth's Crust.

15 - Death does not perform miracles. Beyond death, human beings continue in the work of self-improvement or remain stationary until they accept the obligation to renew themselves and evolve.

16 - Religions, philosophy, and science continue, out of necessity for the discarnate, believing, studying, and experimenting in support of progress and human improvement, offering vast domains of ennobling service to their interpreters, cultivators, and exponents.

17 - Considering the density of crowds of discarnate spirits, many of whom are devoid of guidance and victims of their passions, we find that they often lack knowledge of the soul.

These spirits can be driven to madness by possessive feelings and are carriers of conflicts and diseases that they both attract and sustain. They come from various backgrounds and are often immature and uninformed.

Communities in the Afterlife need to establish places of affinity, faith, education, prayer, and comfort, as well as dialogue and instruction, hospitals, and support systems. These resources must operate with a deep understanding of those who undertake the compassionate work of helping these spirits find salvation.

18 – For the gradual enlightenment of disembodied spirits, who reveal themselves in need of support and instruction (and they number in the millions), the articulated, spoken or written, broadcast or televised word is still the fastest process of communication.

They work so, although telepathy and sublimation, beyond death, have increasingly wider circles of initiates, at higher levels of understanding.

19 – It is fair that didactics, in the Beyond, uses the lesson, the exam, the practical exposition, the various introductory courses to higher knowledge, the discipline, the apologue, the fable, examples from history and all other resources, from the arts and literature, that serve as help to companions in need of knowledge and motivation for their own good.

20 ~ In the immediate realms of physical experience, the happy are always willing to work for the unhappy, the strongest for the benefit of the weak, the good to help the unbalanced, and the wisest to support the disoriented and ignorant.

21 ~ In communities of disembodied creatures, affinity is the ideal environment for the union of beings. The interest in the spirit's ascension to higher planes is the hallmark of all those who have awakened to respect for God and love for the neighbor.

The work of good is incessant, religion is without dogmatism, philosophy accepts the best thoughts wherever they manifest, science is humanitarian, and the effort for one's inner improvement is an indefatigable impulse in all creatures of goodwill.

22 ~ Beyond death, life continues, and, more clearly, there one sees the reality of the simple theology that governs evolution, in all that evolution has in common with Nature: ***"To each according to his works."***

André Luiz

Uberaba, June 17, 1983.

(Notes received by the medium Francisco C. Xavier, Uberaba, Minas Gerais)

****Necessary Explanation****

Although I am unknown to the larger Spiritist community and the general public, to whom this book's message is directed, I would like to share a bit about my life.

It may help readers understand the limited resources available to Spirits as they attempt to express themselves through me.

This limitation might account for the technical and, at times, basic flaws in the drawings, especially given the complexity of the subject matter, which encompasses various aspects, landscapes, and elements from the Spiritual World.

I was born on April 16, 1923, and for a time, I was just like any other child, enjoying good health and vitality. However, one morning, I woke up feeling sad and dejected.

My mother dedicated herself to caring for me, using all the resources at her disposal to lift me from this unexpected state of despair. Yet, following the harmony of the Universe, a renewal process began that day, April 23, 1924.

This transformation would touch my life and the entire community around me, unfolding unforgettable and highly beneficial lessons. Thus began a journey of regeneration that came to us through the experience of infantile paralysis.

Since I was little, I have loved the sky, which has always captivated me. During the day, I would watch the clouds drift by, and their continuous transformation, in which I would try to discover figures of people and things. In the afternoon, I would meet the sunset to be entranced by its spectacle of

colors, and at night, I would let myself be fascinated by the distant stars, without being able, however, to decipher their meaning and grandeur.

Immobilized by paralysis, confined to a chair or bed, I always asked my mother to put me at the window so I could glimpse the outside world. And through that illuminated opening, to this day, I feel bound to contemplate the firmament.

In the reveries that arose from this sublime contemplation, questions inevitably surfaced: How could I walk? Where could I find the unusual strength and resources to overcome the challenges posed by my illness? How could God, our Father, assist me more closely?

It was then, with a determined will to conquer difficulties and trusting in God, that I began to feel the presence of Spiritual Benefactors by my side. I became convinced that, with their help, I would discover a solution.

I grew sure that thought is a creative force and that this force, through God's will and the support of my Spiritual Friends, could restore life to my paralyzed leg, enabling me to walk again.

After many years of effort to put into practice the physical and mental exercises recommended by the Spirits who were helping me, I reached my youth walking with the support of a blessed cane and giving thanks for the blessing of life alongside my beloved parents, Ataliba José da Cunha and Eurídice Milton Cunha (Sinhazinha) (1).

1) - Sister of Eurípides Barsanulfo, she worked with him at the pharmacy for many years and dedicated her entire life to helping those in need. In the Spiritual Realm, together with her husband, she continued to work in the Field of Jesus.

Mom's dedication and sensitivity helped me free myself from the psychological complexes that used to accompany the regeneration processes that many people must undergo, like me, in the unfolding of life's lessons, and, girl, I felt like a normal person, like any other, with life smiling around me and with the joy of overcoming paralysis.

The years of youthful happiness came to an end on November 2, 1961, when my mom—my best support and the true pillar that sustained me in my struggles—returned to the Greater World. In her absence, my unmarried sister and I had to take care of our father, who had been bedridden for six years due to an accident. We became orphans, just like him, after losing that generous heart that had protected our existence. Dad began to rely on us, his children, for support until he, too, returned to the Greater World in 1971.

I recount these events from my life not to seek personal recognition, but to illustrate to my dear readers that the Spiritist Doctrine is an inexhaustible source of creative and life-giving strength. It allows us to nourish our souls and heal the wounds that often open in hearts discouraged by life's natural events.

In 1962, nearly a year after my mother's passing, I found myself on a mild afternoon, contemplating the sunset with a sense of melancholy. It was then that I felt her presence more vividly, and from that moment on, I began to navigate the two realms of existence more frequently.

However, it was on March 2, 1979, that I experienced the most fascinating event of my life. I saw myself leaving my body, guided by a Spirit I could not identify, as I traveled toward a spiritual city that I later recognized as "Nosso Lar" (Our Home).

This city is beautifully and enlighteningly described in the book of the same name (2) by André Luiz.

(2) Nosso Lar, Espírito de André Luiz, Francisco Cândido Xavier, Ed. FEB, Rio, RJ.

I could see the city in detail, and when I woke up, I had all the memories of that marvelous night, which was interrupted at dawn when the Spirit accompanying me invited me to return to Earth.

I couldn't miss the sight of such a beautiful event, so I decided to draw what I learned during that quick visit. I must clarify that I'm not a designer, so the drawings I made to portray what I saw aren't technically precise. They simply reflect the beauty of the shapes etched on paper. Nonetheless, I made the drawing and kept it without revealing anything to anyone. Anyone.

After three years, I have lived in a similar situation, but this time with greater clarity. As I flew over the city, I absorbed the details of its landscape in a way I hadn't before.

The Spiritual Friend guiding me left me in one part of the city and went to another to attend to his tasks. I waited for him, and after some time, I received a call through an internal communication device, similar to a telephone. They informed me that I should stay in that section, as I should not go to where he was in the Chambers, where there was a lot of suffering. I was warned that he would pick me up on his way back.

I woke up with a sudden jolt, feeling still dizzy from the flight, but fully aware of everything I had seen.

From this trip came the second drawing or plan of the city, "Nosso Lar," which corresponds to the Pilot Plan, as Francisco Cândido Xavier (our dear Chico) later explained.

I must clarify, however, that although the shape is real, the city is not limited to the number of houses and blocks indicated in the drawing, which are for illustrative purposes only, since it is a vast city with about a million inhabitants. Enthusiastic about the second drawing, I showed it to some of my closest and most trusted friends.

One of them was a cousin, who brought the news to Francisco Cândido Xavier. The kind medium from Uberaba was interested and

asked me to bring him the drawings, and what was my surprise When he told me that they were of the city "Nosso Lar," corresponding exactly to his shape.

Encouraged by his kindness and understanding, I tried to write other details of the city, which are offered in this book.

I placed them in the hands of Francisco Cândido Xavier, who generously took charge of the additional details and forwarded the material to the Spiritist Diffusion Institute of Araras, which ultimately published it.

I take this opportunity to thank God and the Good Spirits for my participation in this work, and I apologize, including to the readers, for the natural deficiencies imposed by my limitations.

Heigorina Cunha

Sacramento, February 4, 1983.

I

The City "Our Home"

In the vast mediumistic bibliography of the medium Francisco Cândido Xavier, the spiritual city known as "Nosso Lar" (Our Home), was the first urban society in Larger Life to be portrayed in detail.

It was in the book of the same name, published by the Brazilian Spiritist Federation, that André Luiz, relating his experiences, provided detailed descriptions about the organization of the community society and the buildings that serve as its material support.

The selfless medium recounts his surprise at the unusual nature of the revelations he received. One night, in a spiritual detachment, André Luiz guided him to the city of "Nosso Lar." This experience allowed the medium to learn about the city's existence and personally explore some of the locations described in the book.

Indeed, this book opened up new avenues for inquiry for scholars who struggled to understand how life could continue normally, without abrupt changes, after physical death.

It is difficult to imagine that the Spirit could inhabit cities resembling earthly structures, given the great differences between the incarnate and disincarnate.

The Spirits conveyed to Allan Kardec (1) that in the spiritual world, they resided in "kinds of camps, fields to rest from a very long wandering—a state that was always somewhat painful."

(1)– Question no. 234, The Spirits' Book, Ed. IDE

We cannot fully unleash our imagination to speculate about what these camps might truly be like due to a lack of clear references. It makes it difficult to conceive of communities of spirits living in cities with solid buildings, fertile soil, and lush vegetation that closely resemble what we know on Earth.

However, based on the information provided by André Luiz, after the natural shock caused by the revelations, it was recognized that this could not happen similarly.

For many centuries, we had been conditioned to idealize Heaven and Hell in ways that did not align with human expressions. Even in light of the insights offered in the works of the Codification, we found it difficult to accept the obvious.

If the spirit survives the body—and there is substantial evidence supporting this idea, especially since the emergence of Spiritist Doctrine—and if, as spirits have assured us, we will be reunited with our families and loved ones, then why would life after physical death be so different from the norms of our modern existence?

Through our memories of spiritual existence, we organize our earthly lives. André Luiz demonstrates that our earthly experience is merely an imperfect reflection of our spiritual reality.

Since the publication of the book, the city "Nosso Lar" has captured the hearts and imagination of all Spiritists, who have identified in it an encouraging model of the organizations and situations that await human beings after their disembodiment, and—why not say? —a physical stimulus to live together later in identical or better communities.

If the revelation brought by André Luiz waited eighty-six years after the publication of *The Spirits' Book*, now, almost forty years after the publication of the book *Nosso Lar*, the Higher Dimension allows us to receive some more information, through the mediumistic work of our sister Heigorina Cunha, from Sacramento, the master plan for the spiritual city that is the objective of this book. The city of "Nosso Lar," according to information provided by

André Luiz was founded by distinguished Portuguese men who had passed away in Brazil in the 16th century, from where it is currently located, the Governor's Office.

He says that, in that tract of land, where one sees buildings of fine craftsmanship and delicate and noble vibrations congregate, the founders encountered "the primitive notes of the country's natives and the childish constructions of their rudimentary minds," and through "persevering service, fraternal solidarity, and spiritual love," they had to win them over and integrate them to achieve their goals.

At the time the Spiritual Friend spoke, the city had about one million inhabitants.

Considering that the city is divided according to the needs of its administrative organization, we would like to inform those who have not yet read the book "Nosso Lar" that the Governor's Office, the central body, is supported by the work and organization of six Ministries: the Ministries of Regeneration, Aid, Communication, Enlightenment, Elevation, and Divine Union, which operate in the areas defined by their names. Each Ministry has twelve Ministers.

With these details clarified, let us now see the master plan.

II

Pilot Plan

We should mention right away that there are two drawings: The first shows only the star where the Governorship is located and the housing estates within it, intended for the workers of each Ministry.

The second section also covers the housing estates, which, although still assigned to Ministry workers, can be acquired by them through the "hourly bonus" and are susceptible to hereditary transmission. It also includes the high wall protecting the city.

The city is shaped like a six-pointed star, with the Governor's Office located at the center of the circle in which the star is inscribed.

The Governor's Office has provided the coordinates that divide the city into six distinct sections. Each section is assigned to an equal number of specialized organizations, which represent different branches of public administration. These branches are the Ministries of Regeneration, Relief, Communication, Enlightenment, Elevation, and Divine Union.

Thus, the city is divided into six modules, each one starting from the Governor's Office, next to which rises the tower of each Ministry, serving as the administrative center. In front of them is the large plaza that surrounds them. To assess its size, it is capable of comfortably accommodating one million people. The medium describes it as beautiful, with a floor similar to alabaster, with many benches around it. In the spaces where

the vertices of the triangles meet, behind the benches, there are multicolored fountains of light, and around them, graceful and delicate flowers.

Beyond the square, there are triangular-shaped residential areas, which, as previously mentioned, are designated for the workers of each Ministry, with the highest-ranking officials living closest to the square and, therefore, near the administrative center.

These houses belong to the community, and if a worker transfers to another Ministry, they must also move to live near their workplace. The squares you see drawn within the triangle, and next to the wall, are blocks where the residences are situated.

In the spaces between one housing estate and another, whether near the wall or adjacent to the estate belonging to the neighboring Ministry, there are large wooded parks where other buildings have not been shown on the plan, designed for leisure or services for the residents.

For example, you can see this in the park of the Ministry of Regeneration, located near its Hospital Park; in the Ministry of Divine Union, at the Water Forest; and in the Ministry of Elevation, at the Music Field, all of which are mentioned in the book "Our Home."

Each residential area is divided in the center by a large, tree-lined avenue that connects it to the main square and the governorate, starting next to the wall. Between the triangle-shaped residential areas and the wall are sections designated for spirits who, due to their merits, can acquire homes by paying with an hourly bonus.

This latter serves as the standard unit of currency, equivalent to one hour of work contributed to the community. These houses, owned by their purchasers, can be inherited by their heirs.

Although the plan shows only a few blocks, in reality, many more blocks extend beyond sight, reaching up to the wall. Surrounding the entire city is a great protective wall where the magnetic projection batteries are located, defending against attacks from inferior spirits. This situation is not surprising, as the town is placed in a spiritual sphere of transition, housing spirits who have yet to reincarnate. Outside the wall, the inhabitants cultivate fields to grow vegetables for public consumption.

The city's plan, however, lacks measurements that would enable us to understand its size accurately. But we can imagine its magnitude through the references that André Luiz provides.

It is a city, widely laid out, for one million inhabitants.

The "aerobus," traveling at a speed that prevents us from capturing the details of the landscape, and with stops every three kilometers, takes forty minutes to travel from Governor's Square (Praça da Governadoria) to Water Woods (Bosque das Águas), which is located on the plan.

In short, this is what the city's master plan reveals, as outlined in the plan that came to our attention through our sister, Heigorina Cunha.

III

Details of the city taken from the works of

André Luiz

The book “Nosso Lar”, in particular, is rich in details about the city, its streets, and buildings.

We present the following text in the order it appears, citing the page number of the book at the end (1): 25th edition, 1982.

“Though I was transported like an ordinary wounded person, I couldn’t help but appreciate the comforting scene unfolding before me. Clarence, leaning on a staff made of luminous material, stopped in front of a large door set within high walls, which were adorned with graceful, flowering vines. By gently feeling along the wall, a long opening was created, and we entered silently.

A soft light flooded everything there. In the distance, a graceful beam of light gave the impression of a sunset on a spring afternoon. As we advanced, I could make out precious buildings nestled in extensive gardens.

At Clarence’s signal, the drivers slowly lowered the makeshift stretcher. Then the welcoming door of a white building, resembling a large earthly hospital, appeared before my eyes.

Two young men, wearing white linen tunics, rushed to my benefactor’s call. As they placed me on an emergency bed to lead me inside carefully, I heard the generous elder recommend, affectionately:

"Keep watch over our ward in the pavilion on the right. Wait for me now; I will see him again early tomorrow morning."

I gave him a grateful look as I was led into a large, comfortable room, richly furnished and equipped with a cozy bed. (Pages 26/27)"

That melody renewed my energy profoundly. I got up, overcoming difficulties, and grabbed hold of the fraternal arm that was stretched out to me. Wavering, I arrived at a huge skirt, where a large assembly was meditating in silence, deeply recollected.

From the vaulted ceiling, filled with brilliant light, hung delicate and flowery garlands, which ran from the ceiling to the base, forming radiant symbols of superior spirituality.

No one seemed to notice my presence, while I barely concealed my inexpressible surprise.

All the attentive onlookers seemed to be waiting for something.

As I struggled to contain the numerous questions that poured into my mind, I noticed that in the background, on a gigantic screen, a prodigious picture of almost fairytale-like light was being drawn. Obeying advanced television processes, the scene of a marvelous temple appeared.

Sitting in a prominent place, an old man crowned with light stared at the Heights, in an attitude of prayer, wearing a white robe of resplendent radiance. On a lower plane, seventy-two figures seemed to accompany him in respectful silence.

Greatly surprised, I noticed Clarence taking part in the assembly, among those surrounding the refulgent old man.

I squeezed the friendly nurse's arm and, realizing that my questions wouldn't be long in coming, he clarified in a low voice, which sounded more like a soft breath:

"~ Stay calm. All the residences and institutions of "Our Home" are praying with the Governor, through hearing and remote vision. Let's praise the Invisible Heart of Heaven." (Pages 28/29).

I was now delighted to contemplate the vast horizons, leaning out of the spacious windows. Above all, I was impressed by the aspects of nature. Almost everything was a better copy of the Earth. More harmonious colors, more delicate substances. The ground was lined with vegetation. Large trees, bountiful orchards, and delightful gardens.

There were hills crowned with light, in continuity with the plain on which the colony rested. All the departments appeared to be cultivated with care.

In the small distance, graceful buildings stood tall. They lined up in regular spaces, displaying different shapes. None without flowers at the entrance, with some charming little houses standing out, surrounded by ivy walls, where different roses were blooming, here and there, adorning the green with varied changes.

Birds in polychrome plumage flew through the air and, from time to time, landed in groups on the very white towers, rising straight up, like gigantic lilies, towards the sky.

From the wide windows, I curiously observed the activity in the park. Extremely surprised, I spotted domestic animals among the leafy trees lined up in the background. (pages 45/46).

After a few weeks of active treatment, I went out for the first time in the company of Lysias. I was impressed by the spectacle of the streets. Vast avenues, adorned with leafy trees. Fresh air, an atmosphere of profound spiritual tranquility. However, there was no sign of inertia or idleness, because the public roads were crowded.

Numerous entities came and went. Some seemed to have their minds in distant places, but others gave me welcoming looks. It was my companion's job to guide me before the surprises that arose uninterruptedly.

Perceiving my inner conjectures, he kindly clarified:

"We are at the Ministry of Assistance. Everything we see—buildings and residential houses—represents institutions and shelters dedicated to our mission. Advisors, workers, and other staff members reside here.

In this area, the sick receive care, pleas for help are heard, prayers are chosen, reincarnations are prepared, and groups are organized to assist the inhabitants of the Umbral or those who are grieving on Earth. Solutions are explored for all processes related to suffering."(Pages 50/51).

At that point, we reached a square with wonderful contours, boasting extensive gardens. In the center of the square stood a palace of magnificent beauty, topped with soaring towers that disappeared into the sky.

"In this square, we have the convergence point of the six ministries I mentioned. They all start from the Governor's Office and extend in a triangular shape."

And, respectfully, he commented:

"There lives our selfless leader. In administrative work, he has the collaboration of three thousand employees; however, he is the most tireless and faithful worker of us all. (...)"

Lysias fell silent, showing lively reverence, while I stood beside him, respectful and enraptured, contemplating the marvelous towers that seemed to split the firmament... (Pages 52/53).

Enraptured by the sight of the prodigious gardens, I asked the dedicated nurse to rest for a few minutes on a nearby bench. Lísias willingly agreed. A pleasant feeling of peace filled my spirit. Whimsical fountains of colored water zigzagged in the air, forming enchanting figures. (Page 54).

Given my growing interest in food processes, Lísias invited me:

"Let us go to the colony's large reservoir. There you will see interesting things. You will notice that water is almost everything in our transition station."

Very curious, I followed the nurse without hesitation.

When we reached the wide corner of the square, my generous friend added:

"Let's wait for the Aerobus (1)."

(1) An aerial car, which on Earth would be a large funicular.

I had barely recovered from my surprise when a large car appeared, suspended about five meters above the ground and filled with passengers.

As it descended toward us, like a ground elevator, I examined it closely. It was not a machine known on Earth. Made of very flexible material, it was enormously long, seeming to be connected to invisible wires, due to the large number of antennas on the roof.

Later, I confirmed my assumptions by visiting the large workshops of the Traffic and Transportation Service. Lísias did not give me time for questions. Comfortably seated in the enclosure, we continued in silence. I experienced the natural shyness of a man out of his environment, among strangers.

The speed was so fast that I could not make out the details of the buildings along the extensive route. The distance was not short, because only after forty minutes—including brief stops every three kilometers—did Lísias invite me to get out, smiling and calm.

I was amazed by the breathtaking view surrounding me. The forest, in full bloom, filled the fresh breeze with a wonderful fragrance. Everything was a display of vibrant colors and gentle light. Between banks covered in lush grass and adorned with blue flowers, a large river flowed gracefully.

The stream flowed calmly, but it was so crystal clear that it seemed tinged with a heavenly hue, reflecting the sky above. Wide roads cut through the green landscape. Planted at regular intervals, leafy trees offered friendly shade, like delightful resting places in the comforting sunlight. Whimsically shaped benches invited visitors to rest.

Noticing my amazement, Lísias explained:

"We are in the Forest of Waters. Here we have one of the most beautiful regions of "Our Home." It is one of the favorite places for couples' excursions, who come here to make the most tender promises of love and fidelity for their experiences on Earth."

The observation gave rise to pretty interesting considerations, but Lísias did not give me a chance to ask questions on that particular subject.

Pointing to a building of enormous proportions, he explained:

“That is the colony’s great reservoir. The entire volume of the Blue River, which we can see, is absorbed into immense distribution tanks.

The waters that serve all the colony’s activities depart from here. Then they gather again, below the Regeneration services, and return to form the river, which continues its normal course, heading towards the great ocean of substances invisible to Earth.” (Pages 59, 60, and 61).

Minutes later, we arrived at the door of a graceful building, surrounded by a colorful garden. (Page 96)

“Our home, within “Our Home.”

At the gentle ringing of the bell inside, a friendly matron appeared at the door.” (Page 96)

We entered. The atmosphere was simple and welcoming. Furniture was almost identical to that on Earth; objects in general, demonstrating tiny variations. Paintings of sublime spiritual significance, a piano of remarkable proportions, resting on it a large harp carved with noble and delicate lines.

Recognizing my curiosity, Lysias spoke pleasantly... (Page 97).

Lísias invited me to explore some of the rooms in the house, and I found myself lingering in the bathroom, captivated by its fascinating amenities. Everything was simple yet comfortable. (Page 98).

I asked: How do you perceive the concept of property in the colony? Does this house, for instance, belong to you?

She smiled and clarified:

“Just like on Earth, property here is relative. Our acquisitions are based on hours of work. The hourly bonus, in essence, is our money. Any utilities are purchased with these coupons, earned through our effort and dedication.

Buildings generally represent common property controlled by the Governor. However, each spiritual family can acquire a home (never more than one) by presenting thirty thousand hourly bonuses, which can be gained through some period of service.

We earned our home through my husband's persistent work, who arrived in the spiritual sphere long before me. For eighteen years, we were separated by physical ties, but always connected through spiritual bonds.

Ricardo, however, did not rest. After returning to "Our Home" following a time of extreme turmoil, he quickly recognized the need for active effort, preparing a nest for our future. When I arrived, we moved into the home he had carefully arranged, and our happiness grew. (...)" (Pages 115/116).

And what about inheritance? I asked suddenly. "We do not have too many complications here," replied Mrs. Laura, smiling. "Take my case, for example. The time is approaching for my return to the crust planes. I have three thousand hourly bonus in my personal savings account.

I cannot bequeath them to my daughter, who is arriving, because these amounts will revert to the common estate, leaving my family with only the right to inherit the house. However, my service record authorizes me to intercede on her behalf and prepare work and friendly cooperation for her here.

It also ensures me the valuable assistance of the organizations within our spiritual colony during my stay in the secular world.

In this calculation, I fail to mention the wonderful profit I acquired through experience during the years of cooperation in the Ministry of Assistance. I return to Earth, invested with higher values and demonstrating nobler qualities, preparing me for the desired success.”

And as the young people said goodbye, Lisias invited me, helpfully:

“Come to the garden, you have not seen the moonlight here yet.”

The lady of the house engaged in conversation with her daughters, while I accompanied Lísias to the flower beds.

The spectacle was magnificent! Accustomed to the seclusion of a hospital, among large trees, I had not yet recognized the marvelous scene that the clear night presented there, in the vast quarters of the Ministry of Social Assistance.

Wisteria of prodigious beauty adorned the landscape. Snow lilies, tinged with a faint blue at the base of their calyxes, seemed like cups of caressing aroma.

I took a long breath, feeling waves of new energy penetrate my being. In the distance, the towers of the Governor's Office displayed beautiful effects of light.

Dazzled, I was unable to express my impressions. Struggling to express the admiration that filled my soul, I spoke movingly: (...) (Pages 126/127).

I followed Tobias resolutely.

We crossed large blocks, where numerous buildings seemed to me like hives of intense service. Noticing my silent inquiry, my new friend clarified:

"Here we have the great factories of "Nosso Lar." The preparation of juices, fabrics, and artifacts in general, gives work to more than a hundred thousand creatures, who regenerate and illuminate themselves at the same time."

Moments later, we entered a noble-looking building. Numerous servants came and went. After long corridors, we came across a vast staircase connecting to the lower floors.

"Let us go down," Tobias said gravely.

Noticing my surprise, he explained helpfully:

"The Chambers of Rectification are located in the vicinity of the Umbral. The needy who gather there cannot tolerate the lights or the atmosphere above, during their first few days living in "Nosso Lar." (p.145).

I could never have imagined the picture that now unfolded before my eyes. It was neither a blood bank hospital nor a common organic health treatment institute. It was a series of vast chambers, interconnected and filled with real human remains. (Page 146).

Shortly after nine o'clock, someone arrived from the back of the enormous park. He was a small man with a singular appearance, evidently a humble worker.

Narcissa greeted him kindly, asking:

"What's the matter, Justino? What's your message?"

The worker, who was part of the sentry corps of the Rectification Chambers, replied, distressed:

"I have come to inform you that an unfortunate woman is asking for help at the large gate that leads to the cultivated fields.

I believe she went unnoticed by the guards in the front lines..."

Curious, I followed the nurse through the moonlit field.

The distance was not small. Side by side, I could see the tranquil groves of the vast park, stirred by the caressing wind. We had traveled more than a kilometer when we reached the large gate that the worker had mentioned. (Pages 168/169)

Now that I had entered the light-bathed park, I felt a singular fascination. Those welcoming trees and verdant seedbeds called me out constantly.

Indirectly, I elicited explanations from Narcisa, asking veiled questions.

"In the great park," she said, "there are not only paths to the Threshold or just vegetation for growing juices. The Minister Veneranda has created excellent plans for our educational processes."

And noting my healthy curiosity, she continued clarifying:

"These are the 'green halls' for educational services. Among the large rows of trees, there are enclosures with wonderful contours for the conferences of the Ministers of Regeneration.

Others for visiting ministers and scholars in general, reserving, however, one of remarkable beauty for the conversations of the Governor, when he comes to us. Periodically, the tall trees are covered with flowers, giving the impression of small colorful towers, full of natural charms.

Thus, we have, in the firmament, a welcoming ceiling, with the blessings of the Sun or distant stars."

These palaces of nature must be prodigious, I added.

"Without a doubt," the nurse continued enthusiastically, "the Minister's project, I was informed, aroused heartfelt applause throughout the colony. I learned that this had happened precisely forty years ago.

Then began the 'Natural Salon' campaign. All the Ministries requested cooperation, including that of the Divine Union, which requested Veneranda's help in organizing such spaces in the Bosque das Águas.

Delightful corners have sprung up everywhere. The most interesting, however, in my opinion, are those established in schools. They vary in shape and size. In the education parks of the Enlightenment, the Minister established a remarkable star-shaped structure filled with vegetation, within which five large classrooms and five different instructors are located.

In the center of this structure, there is a large device designed to project images, similar to a terrestrial cinematograph. This device allows for five separate projections to occur simultaneously. This initiative significantly enhanced the city by combining practical utility with spiritual beauty."

Taking advantage of the natural pause, I asked:

And the furniture in the halls? Just like in the large ground-based areas? Narcisa smiled and added:

Narcisa smiled and emphasized: "There is a difference. The Minister conceived the evangelical scenes during the time that marked the passage of Jesus through the world and

suggested resources from the very nature. Each 'natural hall' has benches and armchairs sculpted from the soil, covered with soft, fragrant grass. It gives them a characteristic appearance and layout. I told the organizer that it would be fitting to recall the Master's lectures on the beach during His divine excursions near Tiberias, and from this memory arose the idea of 'natural furniture.' Maintenance requires constant care, but the beauty of the scenes is ample compensation.

At this point, the kind nurse stopped, but, identifying my silent interest, she continued:

"The most beautiful room in our Ministry is the one reserved for the Governor's lectures. Minister Veneranda discovered that he always appreciated landscapes of the older, Hellenistic style, and decorated the room with special features, consisting of small canals of fresh water, graceful bridges, tiny lakes, palanquins of trees, and lush vegetation.

Each month of the year displays different colors, due to the flowers that change in species every thirty days. The Minister reserves the most beautiful aspect for December, in celebration of the Nativity of Jesus.

This is when the city receives the most beautiful thoughts and the most vigorous promises from our companions incarnated on Earth and sends, in turn, fervent affirmations of hope and service to the higher spheres, in honor of the Master of Masters.

"This hall is a source of joy for our Ministries. You may already know that the Governor comes here almost weekly on Sundays.

He spends long hours there, conferring with the Ministers of Regeneration, talking with workers, offering valuable

suggestions, surveying our neighborhoods with the Threshold, receiving our wishes and visits, and comforting the convalescent sick.

In the evenings, when he can linger, he listens to music and watches performances by young people and children from our schools. Most of the outsiders who stay at "Nosso Lar" usually come here to see this "natural palace," which comfortably accommodates over thirty thousand people."

Hearing the interesting reports, I felt a mixture of joy and curiosity.

"Minister Veneranda's salon," Narcisa continued excitedly, "is also a splendid room, whose preservation deserves our special care. (...)" (Pages 175-178).

A few minutes before midnight, Narcisa allowed me to go to the great gate of the Chambers. The Samaritans must have been nearby. It was essential to observe them around and make arrangements.

I felt a surge of emotion as I returned to the path surrounded by leafy, welcoming trees. Here, the trunks reminded me of the ancient oaks of Earth; there, the capricious leaves evoked the acacia and the pine.

That warm, gentle air felt like a blessing. Inside the Chambers, despite the large windows, I had never experienced such a sense of well-being.

So, I walked silently beneath the loving fronds. Fresh winds gently stirred them, wrapping me in feelings of peace.

The packs of dogs stopped beside us, led by firm-handed workers. Within minutes, we were all facing the enormous

corridors leading to the Rectification Chambers. (. . .) (Page 185).

The packs of dogs stopped beside us, led by workers with firm hands. Within minutes, we were all facing the enormous corridors leading to the Rectification Chambers. (. . .) (Page 185).

When it was time for the Minister's lecture, which took place after evening prayers, I went, accompanied by Narcisa and Salústio, to the large hall surrounded by nature.

The green enclosure was truly astonishing, with large benches of grass welcoming us comfortably. Various flowers, shining in the light of beautiful chandeliers, exuded a delicate perfume.

I estimated the attendance at over a thousand people. In the common arrangement of the great assembly, I noticed that twenty entities were seated in a prominent place among us and the flowery eminence where the instructor's chair could be seen. (Page 201).

Our Home, therefore, as a spiritual city of transition, is a blessing granted to us by "additional mercy," so that a few may prepare for ascension, and so that the majority may return to Earth in redemptive service.

Let us understand the greatness of the laws of thought and submit to them, starting today. (Page 205).

Gathered in Tobias' beautiful library, we examined volumes that were marvelous in their binding and spiritual content. Mrs. Hilda invited me to visit the garden so that I could observe, up close, some arbors of whimsical shapes. Each house in "Our Home" seemed to specialize in the cultivation of certain flowers. At Lisias' house, wisteria and lilies numbered

in the hundreds; at Tobias' residence, countless hydrangeas bloomed in green sheets of violets. Beautiful arbors of delicate trees, reminiscent of young bamboo, featured an interesting climbing plant at the top whose specialty is to unite various fronds, like enormous flowery bows, in the green foliage of the trees, forming a graceful canopy. (Pages 205/206).

As I returned to the interior of the Chambers, I was struck by loud rumblings coming from the upper levels of the colony, where the public roads were located.

When we made our way to the higher floors, leading to Governor's Square, we observed significant activity in all areas. Noticing my natural astonishment, my companion explained: (...) (Page 227).

After many long minutes of observing the crowd of spirits, we finally arrived at the Ministry of Communication, stopping in front of the enormous buildings dedicated to information work.

Thousands of entities anxiously awaited the speech, all seeking information and clarification. However, it was impossible to reach a consensus. Extremely surprised by the overwhelming noise, I noticed that someone had climbed onto a high balcony to demand the crowd's attention.

An imposing elder announced that an appeal from the Governor would be heard in ten minutes. "It's Minister Esperidião," Tobias informed me, satisfying my curiosity. (Pages 229/230)

Amidst general joy, we reached the public road. The young women were accompanied by Polidoro and Estácio, with whom they chatted animatedly.

Lysias, at my side, as soon as we exited the aerobus in one of the squares of the Ministry of Elevation, said affectionately: "Finally, you are going to meet my fiancée, to whom I have often spoken about you."

We had reached the vicinity of Campo da Música.

Lights of indescribable beauty bathed the extensive park, where enchantments of a truly fairy tale were on display. Luminous fountains traced surprising pictures: a spectacle that was totally new to me.

I laughed, bewildered, and could not explain anything. At that moment, we reached the entrance, where Lísias kindly paid for the ticket.

I noticed a great group of strollers gathered around a graceful bandstand, where an orchestra of small figures played light music. Flower-lined paths stretched before us, leading into the park in various directions. Appreciating the melodies, my companion explained:

At the edges of the Field, we have manifestations that cater to the personal tastes of those who cannot yet understand sublime art; however, in the center, we have universal and divine music—sanctified art par excellence."

As we continued along the cheerful avenues, where each flower seemed to belong to its own kingdom, I began to hear a magnificent harmony resonating in the sky.

On Earth, there are small groups dedicated to fine music and larger crowds enjoying regional tunes. Here, however, it was the opposite: the center of the Field was bustling with people.

I had witnessed numerous gatherings in the colony, and I had been captivated by an event our Ministry organized for the Governor, but what I experienced now surpassed everything that had previously dazzled me. The cream of "Nosso Lar" was presented in magnificent form.

It was not luxury, nor excess of any kind, that gave such brilliance to this stunning scene. It was the natural expression of everything, simplicity mingled with beauty, pure art, and life without artifice.

The feminine element appeared in the landscape, revealing the extreme refinement of the individual taste, without waste of adornment and without betraying divine simplicity. Tall trees, unlike any known on Earth, adorned beautiful, illuminated, and welcoming enclosures.

Not only affectionate couples lingered on the flower-filled roads. (...) (Pages 248 to 251).

"There are also references to the buildings of "Nosso Lar" (Our Home) in other books by André Luiz, which we now transcribe:"

The day before our departure, Assistant Jerônimo led us to the Sanctuary of Blessing, located in the area dedicated to relief services, where, he explained, we would receive the words of enlightened mentors, inhabitants of regions purer and happier than our own.

The guide did not wish to leave without praying at the Sanctuary, which he habitually did before embarking on the relief work under his direct responsibility.

In the late afternoon, therefore, due to the planned program, we all found ourselves in a vast, singularly arranged room, where large electrical devices stood out in the background, attracting our attention." (Workers of Eternal Life, 12th ed. FEB, p. 25).

The next day, after hearing Narcisa's lengthy reflections, I visited the Messenger Center at the Ministry of Communications. Tobias kindly accompanied me, despite the overwhelming workload in his area.

Upon arriving, I was dazzled by the impressive series of buildings that make up the institution's headquarters. They were so enormous that I thought I had stumbled upon a collection of universities. The spacious courtyards, filled with trees and gardens, invited moments of deep contemplation.

Tobias brought me back to reality, exclaiming, "The Center is quite vast. Complex activities take place in this department of our spiritual colony.

Do not think that the institution is limited to the buildings in front of us. Here, we only have the central administration, and some pavilions are designated for teaching and general preparation." (The Messengers, 14th ed. FEB, p. 21).

At the Temple of Socorro (1), Minister Clarêncio commented on the sublimity of prayer, and we listened to him with the utmost attention."

"(1) Institution of the spiritual city where the Author is located. – Note from the spiritual Author." (Between Earth and Heaven, 8th ed. FEB, p. 9).

IV

Location of “Our Home” ~ Spiritual Realms

The illustration on page 79 of this Book, by Heigorina Cunha, shows us the Earth's magnetic field divided into seven spheres, following the traditional concept of the seven heavens described by ancient scholars of spiritual matters.

In reality, each of these divisions comprises others, as the Spirits assure us. The first sphere comprises the “thick,” more materialized Threshold, of more painful purgatorial regions, whose community organizations, although so close, we know little about.

The second sphere houses the more pleasant Threshold, where the Spirits of Goodness locate their assistance more broadly, and where the “Dwellings” are located. Each semi-rectangular design marked in this region represents a “Dwelling.”

The third sphere, strictly speaking, is still part of the Umbral, for, being a transitional sphere, it shelters Spirits in need of reincarnation.

In this third sphere is located the city “Nosso Lar,” at a point above the city of Rio de Janeiro, and at an altitude that we cannot define, but which is in the ionosphere.

About these three spheres, André Luiz's books give us news, depicting buildings and organizations maintained by

Spirits of Good, to help and assist more backward Spirits, as well as telling us about the conditions in which suffering Spirits live outside the protection of these organizations.

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